Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu. Mar. VVhy ſo I did, but lookt for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. (ſelfe,
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
VVhy ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider, (tune:
VVhoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To help thee curſe that poiſond bunchbackt toad.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantik curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
Riu. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant.
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable:
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aierie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q. M. And turnes the ſunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame if not for charitie.
Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſtill liue my ſorrow
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O pricely Buckingham, I
In ſigne of league and amitie with the
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely
Thy garments are not ſpotted with o
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes ne
The lips of thoſe that breath them in t
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they aſce
And there awake Gods gentle ſleepin
O Buckingham beware of yonder do
Look when he fawnes, he bites, & wh
His venome tooth will rankle thee to
Haue not to do with him, beware of h
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their ma
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lo: of Bu
Buck. Nothing that *I* reſpect my grac
Q. M. What doeſt thou ſcorne me
And ſooth the diuel that *I* warne thee
O but remember this an other day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart wit
And ſay poore *Margaret* was a prop
Liue each of you the ſubiects of his ha
And he to you, and all of you to Gods.
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end t
Riu. And ſo doth mine, *I* wonder ſ
Glo. *I* cannot blame her by Gods h
She hath had too much wrong, and *I*
My part thereof that *I* haue done.
Qu. *I* neuer did her any to my kno
Glo. But you haue all the vantage o
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarance, he is well rep